Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. Your ſeruant and *Coſtard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Clow. O ſir you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander.* There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, and ſoone daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour in ſooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Clu.*

Qu. Stand aſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe.
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not *Iſcariot ſir.*
Iudas I am, yclyped Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kiſſing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas?*

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas.*

Ped. What meane you ſir.?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.